

The Bee.

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W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

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A Bad Practice.

One of the curious features of the educational system of our city, as applied to the colored schools, is the custom of passing pupils from one grade to another and from one class to the other in the High School upon what they are pleased to call "condition." If we are not misinformed, no such custom obtains in the system of white schools. Even if the custom prevails in the latter system no publication of it reaches the newspapers.

Now there are strong and far-reaching reasons why pupils should not be conditioned and still stronger ones why, when conditioned they should not be so published. In the first place, there should be no advancement upon conditions. If the pupil is absolutely stupid and does not display ability to meet the requirements of a given grade, that pupil should be made to repeat the grade or year as the case may be. If on the other hand, a pupil shows ability to master and does master the more important subjects pertaining to a given grade or year, it is fair to presume that as he continues his course, he will develop a taste or faculty for overcoming the difficulties under which he has previously labored with respect to some particular subjects and develop into an all round good pupil. To advertise the unimportant shortcomings of a pupil, operates to humiliate and in many cases to discourage and produces about the same effect as would be the case if a parent reprehended a child in the presence of others. The fact of passing a pupil upon condition, presumes an approximation to every requirement and hence it is the duty of educators to encourage rather than humiliate the pupils. Everyone, who is familiar with the peculiarities of children and the prejudices of old folks, knows how hard is the lot of the conditioned pupil. He is referred to as one on trial, or probation, or under sentence and his advancement is not infrequently retarded by the indifference of the teachers and the ostracism of his associates.

Moreover the object of our school system is not to make graduates. Its primary object is to educate, to draw out the latent powers and capabilities of the pupil, thereby enabling him to better his condition and that of his fellows by a broader, clearer and more accurate conception of his duties and responsibilities and a knowledge of the methods by which the interests of society are advanced. When we come to consider the few who are able to graduate from the High or Normal Schools, as compared with the thousands who must stop within the graded schools, the custom of keeping a pupil back on account of some slight cause or because the average standing of a certain school may be reduced, works a hardship as contemptible and unjust as its enforcement as it is unjust and harmful in its results.

Until a system of specialization is adopted, whereby the individualization of instruction may be secured, it must follow that great numbers will not display equal ability along all lines of educational work. Hence to the average pupil, every faculty should be given to learn all that is possible during the short time allotted to him. As a pupil advances, he must learn more and more and even if he cannot acquire the entire curriculum, as he passes along, he will at least be better

off from an educational point of view. It is possible that the hard requirements now in vogue may account in great measure for the great falling off in the higher grades. A year is a long time in the life of the average colored pupil and it should be our aim to give him all the aid possible. It is wrong to advance him on condition. It is cruel to subject him to humiliation. It is foolish to advertise his shortcomings. If the whites can afford to dispense with conditions, certainly we can. Considered from every humane and reasonable standpoint and race conditions, the custom of keeping pupils back and placing them under conditions is radically wrong.

District Assessors.

In the appointment of the assessors of the District of Columbia, the Commissioners appointed two men in the persons of Messrs. Nye and McKimsie. Both men are competent and The Bee is certain that their appointments are acceptable to the people.

There were several colored candidates for appointment, particularly Mr. John F. Cook who represents no one and never did, except John Cook and his closed pocket book. Just why he continues to be an applicant for office after having been in office for twenty-five years or more and has never taken any interest in the people and he never wants them until he is a candidate for some office no one knows. And those people who wrote to the Commissioners representing to them that Mr. Cook would be acceptable to the colored people have been cooked enough. Of course The Bee would have been pleased to have some deserving negro appointed and it is of the opinion that none was any more deserving than its Editor. Fortunes sometimes come to those who are patient, offices very often seek the deserving and whereas the Commissioners did not find a deserving negro among the hundred applicants, the editor excepted to be sure, because he was not an applicant. It is about time for Mr. Cook to "go way back and sit down" and get rid of his mania for office. Let him live on the interest of his money and rent from his houses that good white citizens occupy. It is hoped that this ancient candidate for office will retire.

"A Black Brute."

From The Pine Bluff Herald.

This country is all stirred up by one of the most fiendish and dastardly crimes ever committed in this city. The regiments of the officers of the law alone averted a lynching perhaps in Pine Bluff. The four or five year old little child of Mr. Frank J. Murray a well-known white citizen, was most fiendishly and brutally outraged by a young negro boy 19 or 20 years old by the name of Dan Kidd, a young school boy attending the Branch Normal College here last season. Kidd had worked at Mr. Murray's house while going to school, and in this way was enabled to perpetrate the crime. When the child's condition was made known and Mr. Murray beat him into insensibility. He should have killed him and saved the county the expense and the other negroes of the community the disgrace of the crime and the humiliation of mob violence—Kidd was spirited off to Little Rock and is now in the pen for safekeeping.

It is asked by all kinds of organizations, societies, and churches to cease the lynching of the negro. You ask that the "Jim Crow" law be repealed and many other obnoxious things are asked to be done in the face of such brutality as is published in the Pine Bluff Herald a paper edited by a colored man.

The negro is doing himself harm and is doing harm to his race. The negro has been advised to use the Winchester against the lyncher. There would be no need for the use of the Winchester if such heinous crimes were committed by the negro.

The Bee is no coward as the world well knows, but its advice to the negro is, to let the Winchester alone and be a good and upright citizen, then the Winchester will not be needed.

Horseshoe Made of Straw.

In Japan the horses wear shoes made of rice straw, and they are fastened to the hoofs with ropes made of the same material.

WORTH SIXTY MILLIONS.

Columbia Undergraduate Who is Considered the Richest Young Man in the World.

Marcellus Hartley Dodge, by many millions the richest youth in the United States, probably attracts less attention among those who do not know him than any other student interested in the commencement exercises at Columbia university, New York, this year.

He is still under 20, tall and slender in appearance, with dark eyes, and a pallid complexion, that shows his devotion to his books. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt received under his father's will, after all other bequests had been



MARCELLUS HARTLEY DODGE.
(Columbia Undergraduate, Richest Bachelor in America.)

paid, about \$54,000,000. Marcellus Dodge received upward of \$60,000,000 under his grandfather's will a few months ago.

His riches have not changed his manner of life. He still lives in one room at the lower part of Madison avenue, just as he has done since he first began to prepare for college. It is too far for him to walk to Columbia, but wherever he has to go within two or three miles of his home he walks, simply to save car fare.

He is economical almost to the point of penury. He dresses well, as befits an undergraduate, but never showily. About the only extravagances that he has are clothes and books.

Not long ago somebody asked young Dodge what he would do when he left Columbia. "That will not be until 1903," he said, "when I have attained my majority. I intend, then, to get right down to the serious problems of life. While not so rich as Mr. Carnegie, I do not intend to let worthy demands on my charity go unheeded. I shall go into business—precisely what it will be I have not determined—but I shall keep out of Wall street."

Something New in Tools.

A cricket club of Englishmen in Valparaiso, Chili, sent to England for a large consignment of bats and a few stumps. On arrival they were liable to a duty of 30 per cent., but it occurred to the captain, who had had a good deal of experience in custom house business, that it would be a good move to enter the goods as agricultural implements, which were allowed to enter free of duty. This was done and it was pointed out to the custom house official who examined the goods that with the end of the stump and the aid of the flat of the bat a hole was made in the ground in which seed was placed. This explanation was considered satisfactory.

Parisians Dote on Snails.

Eight hundred tons of snails were consumed by Parisians last year. The animals are bred in Burgundy and Savoy, where they are kept in inclosures formed of tarred palings, which they cannot climb over, and are fed upon vine leaves, which give them a delicate flavor.

The Bee Would Like to See—

- Impostors exposed.
- Bogus editors take a back seat.
- False publication as to circulation cease.
- Men who claim to be great editors remain at their homes and edit their papers.
- Less Exodus in this city of bogus editors.
- Booker T. Washington keep his hat on when he is talking with his equals.
- Tell President Roosevelt how many southern delegates he can control.
- Col. Jere Brown the next member of the Ohio legislature.

The Bee Would Like to know—

- Why Booker Washington has been placed ahead of great negro politicians.
- If Bob Terrell is to start a Roosevelt party in the District of Columbia.
- Bob must make some kind of showing to pay for his two thousand dollar job.
- How much puff money is being paid certain negro editors.
- If certain negro editors cant find decent men to write up.
- Will money be an impetus to cause any face to appear in certain newspapers.
- What has North Carolina to do with District of Columbia assessors.
- If Director Meriam had retained a certain negro editor would he not be singing his praises.

KILLED THIRTY-ONE.

Many Startling Crimes Committed by Jane Toppan.

Administered Morphine and Atropine to Her Victims—Passion to Slay and Burn Developed in Childhood.

Not since the days of Lucretia Borgia and the other subtle poisoners of the middle ages has there been a known equal to Miss Jane Toppan, who has been locked up in the Taunton, Mass., insane asylum for poisoning Mrs. Mary D. Gibbs at Cataumet, Mass., last August. By her own confession the nurse has killed 31 sick people who were under her care during the past ten years. Some she murdered by giving morphine and atropine, and others with poisons she cannot remember, and when not gratifying her passion by killing people she set fire in the houses where she was a guest, or was employed in a professional capacity.

When Judge Bixby, Miss Toppan's senior counsel, first visited her she told him her dreadful story without eliminating the revolting details, and named 31 people whom she had killed by administering poison. She seemed to gloat over her success in hiding from the physicians the true causes of death in these instances, and then she wanted to know of the lawyer how she could be insane when she knew she was doing wrong every time she killed any one.

Miss Toppan began her revelation to Judge Bixby by admitting at once that she had poisoned Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Gordon and Alden P. Davis, just as the three indictments against her charged. Doses of morphine and atropine were used, she said.

Then she told how Mrs. Davis had called upon her at Cambridge last June to collect a note. She said that she was seized with a paroxysm to kill, a recurrence of the oft-repeated influence. In this state she gave mor-



JANE TOPPAN.
(Massachusetts Nurse Who Poisoned 31 of Her Patients.)

phine to Mrs. Davis. The old woman partially recovered, but before she was well enough to leave for her home at Cataumet Miss Toppan was incited to try again, and this time death followed the injection of diluted morphine and atropine.

First she spoke of recent cases, those of whose deaths Judge Bixby had read in the newspapers. These were the deaths of Mrs. A. O. Brigham, daughter of Mrs. Toppan, the woman who had taken her from an insane asylum; Miss Florence N. Calkins, the housekeeper; Mrs. Edna H. Bannister, sister of Mrs. Brigham; Miss Myra Connors, of the Episcopal theological school at Cambridge, the woman who had given her employment at the institution hospital and who had given her a summer's outing at the marine biological station at Wood's Hole, and Mrs. McNear, of Watertown, who had befriended Miss Toppan in many ways.

She went back over the preceding years and mentioned the names of the others whose lives had been put in her professional keeping by doctors, but which trust she had violated.

The lawyer said: "Miss Toppan, you must be insane."

"Insane?" she repeated. "How can I be insane? When I killed those people I knew that I was doing wrong. I was perfectly conscious that what I was doing was not right. I never, at any time, failed to realize what I was doing."

"Now, how can a person be insane who realizes what she is doing, and who is conscious of the fact that she is not doing right? Insanity is complete lack of any feeling of responsibility, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, "that is so. But you have no remorse, have you?" "No," declared the nurse. "I have absolutely no remorse. I have never felt sorry for what I have done. Even when I poisoned my dearest friends, as the Davises were, I did not feel any regret afterward. I do not feel any remorse now. I have thought it all over, and I cannot detect the slightest bit of sorrow over what I have done."

Upon successive visits of her counsel Miss Toppan added details to the narrative of crime. She supplied no additional names.

Wyoming's Vanishing Town.

In a short time the town of Carbon, Wyo., once a lively little city of nearly 2,000 population, will disappear from the map. Its days of prosperity are over. The Union Pacific railroad which owned the land and operated the coal mines there, the sole subsistence of the town, has declared the mines exhausted. The railroad tracks will be moved and Carbon will remain six miles from the main line of the road, a deserted village in a desolate country beside a lot of abandoned holes.

INDIAN CENTENARIAN.

Dionicio Chico, a Diegano of Southern California, Has Reached the Age of 106.

Could the remnant bands of the Caahuilla, Serrano and Diegano Indians still lingering upon the foothills of the coast range tell the complete story of their ancestors' origin and experiences, it would far surpass in interest any modern romance. Some have attained a longevity so remarkable that they distinctly remember the times of the desperate tribal wars, of overwhelming floods and destructive earthquakes. Of such Dionicio Chico, belonging to the Dieganos, dwelling in



DIONICIO CHICO.
(Oldest Living Indian and His Friend, Capt. Chittenden.)

the most primitive human habitation in the valley is probably its oldest inhabitant.

Twenty-six years ago, says N. H. Chittenden, in the Los Angeles Herald, when I first rode into the old Mexican village of Agua Mansa, about four miles from Colton, on the banks of the Santa Ana, he was nearly 80 years of age.

Possessing extraordinary strength in his younger days, and personal courage to match, he was the victor in many combats of war and with love rivals. In one of these furious encounters of more than 70 years ago his antagonist, also an Indian of great power, bit off one of Dionicio's thumbs.

For many years during the exclusive occupation of southern California by the herds and flocks of the mission fathers and of the Spanish grantees of extensive domains, Dionicio was the principal vaquero on the extensive ranch of Paso Trujilla. But the oldest American settlers of 50 years ago remember him as then too far advanced in years for such service, and when compelled to retire therefrom he built of poles, reeds and mud the rude little hut in which he has lived ever since. Once or twice a week, carrying his ration sack, he visits his white friends in Colton, who furnish him with provisions. For nearly ten years a kind-hearted Portuguese woman, Maria Cunlia, has fed him at her home whenever he comes to town.

THE STUBBORN DRAWER.

One Little Thing That It is Always Advisable to Do Before Going for the Old Ax.

"It seemed to me," said Mr. Billtops to a New York Sun reporter, "that I had never known a drawer to stick so in all my experience. I got hold of both handles squarely and fairly, braced my knee against the next drawer under that and pulled as hard as I could and couldn't budge it."

"Then I tried to work it out, pulling at one end and then at the other. I could start either end a little, but that's all; I'd get about half an inch on it and that's all I could get. Then I tried pounding on it the way you do on car windows when they stick, but it was no use; couldn't move it. After that I tried the straight pull on it again, and almost upset the bureau this time. I did joggle some things off the top of it and then I was meditating on going for the axe when Mrs. Billtops passing the door, looked in."

"Is the drawer locked, Ezra?" she said.

"And by Jiminy hoe-cakes, the drawer was locked. The key was in the lock, and somebody had some time or other turned it, and it had never occurred to me to try it now. In fact, I never thought anything about the key or the lock at all, one way or the other; but when I turned that key the drawer opened just as easy. And I made up my mind that hereafter the first thing I should do when I came across a bureau drawer that stuck would be to see if it wasn't locked."

Chaff Ate Up His Savings.

A leather wallet, containing \$150, which Farmer Densmore, of Vestch, N. Y., was about to pay on a mortgage, was accidentally dropped in his barn lot. He had reason to believe that one of his calves made a meal of the wallet and its contents, and he killed and opened the animal. In its stomach he found the wallet and the money, the latter almost a mass of pulp. The fragments of \$10 were in a condition to be recognized, and were sent to the United States treasury for redemption.

Flagman Had a Surprise.

A negro flagman named George Lee was sent to flag a train some miles south of Jackson, Miss. He sat down to wait for the train, with his feet on the rails, and fell asleep. When he awoke he was much surprised to find that both of his feet had been cut off.

CASE OF BLIND LOVE.

The Courtship of Jesse Gardner and Charlotte Lovejoy.

Both Are Blind. Neither Ever Saw the Other, Yet Their Lives are United by the Strongest Ties of Affection.

"Blind Love" is the story of the romance of Jesse Lewis Gardner and his wife. Both are blind. Neither ever saw the other, and yet they are as happy and contented as if they were blessed with double vision.

Jesse Gardner and Charlotte Lovejoy were introduced to each other by a skeleton in the museum of the Illinois School for the Blind at Jacksonville. Then their romance began.

Charlotte had been blind since she was a baby three years old. She lived then with her parents at station, in Madison county, Ill. One day she stood by and with baby eyes filled with wonder watched her father clean and polish an old-fashioned muzzle-loading shotgun. When the work was done he put a percussion cap under the gun hammer. Suddenly the weapon slipped from his hand, struck a stool beside which baby Charlotte was standing, and was discharged. The flame blazed into the eyes of the baby, and Charlotte Lovejoy was blinded for life. She could do nothing for her, and she grew older she faced the realities of life with sweet resignation. Her pathway was even then running parallel to that of Jesse Gardner, though neither of them knew it then.

Jesse Gardner has seen more of the world than his blind wife, for he did not lose his eyesight until he was a years old. He was a farmer's lad, living in Union county, Ill. Like all boys he loved a gun, and frequently hunted for wild duck with an old-fashioned muzzle-loading shotgun—similar to the one which had destroyed the sight of Charlotte Lovejoy.

One day while the 14-year-old boy was hunting alone he tried the gun



THEIR FIRST MEETING.

and it was discharged prematurely and the flash from the percussion cap left him sightless.

Fate kept Jesse Gardner and Charlotte Lovejoy apart till the day came when they were old enough to attend the school department of the state institution for the blind at Jacksonville. Jesse was in the high school and Charlotte in the primary department.

One day a timid little girl with brown hair in long braids came hesitatingly into the high school hall, where the big boys were studying their lessons in geometry and physics. She had come to "see," as the blind only can see, the human skeleton kept under lock and key in the hall. The teacher in charge said to one of the boys:

"Lew, show Charlotte the skeleton."

"Lew"—for that was the name that Jesse Gardner went by at school—went to the closet and took out the skeleton. He let the little girl handle it in wonder and told her of the different bones. Then, in boyish suite, he rattled it gressomely. Charlotte was frightened and ran in terror to the other end of the hall. She declared she would never forgive the big, strange boy who had so frightened her. But she did.

Jesse Gardner and Charlotte Lovejoy were schoolmates from 1889 to 1891. During those two years they spoke but seldom. Yet when Jesse graduated in 1891 he left school with regret at losing the girl he had already learned to know as a friend. He came to Chicago and made his way, while she remained for nine years at school at Jacksonville.

In 1900 Charlotte Lovejoy graduated. She had grown into sweet young womanhood. Her school days over, she moved to St. Louis with her parents and last June it so happened that Jesse Gardner and Charlotte Lovejoy met again this time at her home. It was not a case of "love at first sight," but Jesse knew that he loved Charlotte, and with that knowledge came the story of her betrothal to another man.

But Charlotte had not known her heart when the first suitor had asked for her hand. The memory of her school friend was too strong and there came a day when Jesse Gardner knew that his blind sweetheart was free and that her heart waited for him. Their betrothal followed, and the wedding took place May 25, at St. Louis, happy and content to face the future they can neither see.